

THE DAGLIGHTALE

January 10, 1980

De Bop a Bob

Let's Can The Choir

By Jon Eriksson

A usually reliable source says that the CLC choir will possibly start the new year by selling Florida orange and grapefruit marmalade.

It is anticipated that a great cloud of steam will soon be seen rising from the choir room.

As this issue goes to press, our usually reliable source couldn't be reached. It is presumed that he is going from door to door collecting canning jars.

It is rumored that those students who ordered oranges before Christmas and didn't pick them up will be presented with a jar of marmalade, and charged \$9.50.

There are other noted endeavors forthcoming. Returning Choir members have been seen unpacking large cases of birdseed in preparation for their 8 hour singing marathon down in the mall, beginning at 10:00 a.m. on Jan. 19.

Until that time they will continue to collect more sponsorships and birdseed.

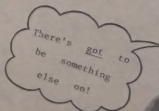
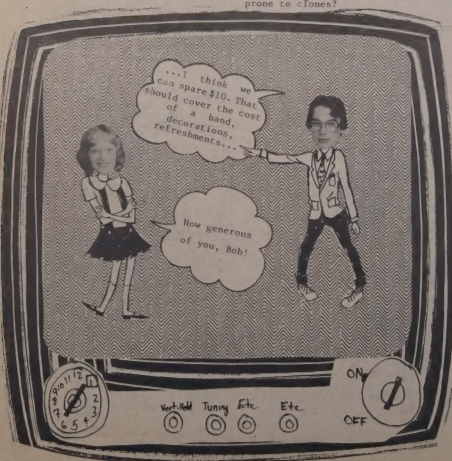
Bob Graves. Looking at that cold, callous exterior, very few people would ever guess that underneath, buried deep beneath a vest wallet and Saturday Night Special there lies an even colder, more callous interior. He has been trying to grow a moustache, you know, to conceal him frightening bare upper lip. This is not a sign that he has mellowed; he knows that he is as ruthless as ever, and therefore can lull his victims into a state of gentle trust with his Greaser Dan lipwarmer, only to drip his acid on their opening wounds the next instant. Rumour has it that he has been looking for some baby-blue contact lenses to hide his beady eyes, but as yet has had no success.

Just who is Bob Graves? Or Roberto Graves, as he is better known among his Latin dictator friends. We all know him as the incredibly right—er, tight-fisted treasurer to the CLCSU. The power behind the throne. Who knows, however how many secret lives are really acted out by this shifty character? For example: A usually unreliable source (his roommate, the Chukker) has leaked significant facts in regard to the personal finances of Monseigneur Graves. He has spent approximately one dollar and forty-nine cents since the commencement of college last fall, one dollar and forty four cent of the above on Lorraine. Can any human live this frugally! If not, where did he come from? Are there more like him? Could there be danger of an invasion? Are we prone to clones?

These are serious problems, but are only a small part of the total Bob Graves Problem. He is on the record for several crimes even worse than merely being alive. There is his repertoire of 'dead baby' jokes, his antimodesty, his sexism, and...the killings. The first of these are not overly serious. As he describes it, he doesn't say that he is the best except that he's never found anyone better. His views on women are well-known to the bra-burners on campus, who walk away from confrontations on matters of equality feeling as if someone had shoved a sour pill in their mouths and made them swallow it before they had time to protest. That boy can talk fast. In his vocabulary, an M.C.P. is a Mighty Charming Person. These, it may be noted, are misdemeanors.

Bob's Books. The secrets to the financial tugs-of-war between the CLCSU and Administration, life, and inflation are locked up tighter than a bull in fly season in a little set of books known, oddly enough, as "The Books". Four people have tried to see "The Books". Four fresh mounds dot the Camrose cemetery. Kevin had been trying to look at "The Books", just before he fell ill, and Bob was seen consulting one of the local experts on Voodoo. Now we don't want to insinuate anything, but then again, we do wonder what is in "The Books". Perhaps Marla would like to check? Not us...

Bob Graves. A man who doesn't know the meaning of the word succumb. Who doesn't know the meaning of the word trepidation. There are lots of other words he doesn't know but those are the main ones. We plead for some relief from the Graves situation!



Editorial

It's now a new decade, and every editor and columnist on the continent is either looking at the staggering features and trends of the last ten years or else trying to predict those for the next ten. Not me. I'm just wondering when and how the touch is going to come. You know, the scam for money as the college tries to expand and take advantage of its new degree-granting powers. Will they make the pass at us now, hoping for some leftover Christmas spirit, or will they wait until we feel sentimental in April? Or, and this is the big one, will they simply force the money from us arbitrarily? "Increase in Student Fees" "Tuition Rise Due to Inflation" What is going on in that tall office up in Old Main? To think that a conning tower used to be something on a submarine...

This could be an interesting term. With a few exceptions, we already know each other as much as we're likely to, giving the social interaction here a month up on last term's "Hi, I'm Jack" period. The surviving freshmen (freshpersons?) should be over most of the first-year fears and the majority will have found bonds to each other besides common insecurity. Similarly, the second-year students should mostly be over their understandable snobbishness towards the undefined quantity which was the fresh. So much for arm-chair sociology. The real fun will be to see if this new Students' Union can meet the precedent of the set one. In theory the budget is old and the calendar planned since September, but the best laid crap o'mice and men hits the fan all too often, to paraphrase a great Scottish poet. Burns, baby, Burns.

The Dag has been placed in the unfortunate position of having to make its first official apology. We made an unforgivable misprint in the "Second Coming" article. The victim was Lars Lehman, and where he had said, "no more flesh to decay or corrupt" we had copied "no more fresh to decay or corrupt", which shows you what kind of a stereo-type you have, Lars. At any rate we're sorry for all the hassle you must have been going through and—ch? No-one? Come now Lars, someone else must have read the article!

Staff

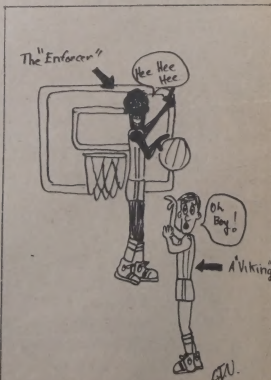
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	Chris Nicol
	Bernie Hughes
	Roger Kerr
	Anne Low

It may have come to the notice of a few of you how militant students in other parts of the world have become lately. This does not mean that we in Camrose are apathetic, however! No indeed, we have reasons to be sunk in depths of relative lethargy. Here at CLC we have to worry about our heavy music schedules, our Phys. Ed. timetables, and our uncongenial environment to the exclusion of every other social consideration. Why, some students here actually have to cut out bar night once a month because of studies! The reason there hasn't been too much fuss about the recently imposed 'study hours' is no doubt because most people are trying to figure out what they are! Let's face it: we have identified the only semi-radical element in the school this year, and you're reading it. For example, has anyone seen or heard anything about 'somebody' fixing the emergency lights (or getting some, for North) in the halls, or filling the fire extinguishers which are empty? Does anyone care, or should we stock up on marshmallows for the someday inevitable dorm conflagration? Okay, I know when you've stopped reading. But please point me in the direction of the nearest embassy...

I felt a tiny twinge of guilt for riding Bob in this issue considering how nice he has been to the Dag as far as cheques and so forth are concerned. Of course, we are his biggest profit-makers, and it is therefore prudent for the Students' Union to treat us with respect. Intelligence aside, it is still nice to get some service when we desperately need it. My real remorse for ridiculing Roberto, however, is defensive in nature. Look at the ratios since Kevin retired! Elaine Ward has taken the promoted Glenys' place, and the Dag's own Audrey Plato moved into the vacant Troll house president slot. This still leaves us with a 1:1 ratio as far as house presidents are concerned, but we're down to two guys in the Executive. Twice as many females as males on CLCSU! The very injustice of the life that left Kevin with a disease-prone Y-chromosome galls my essence. They're taking over! Pretty soon they will be thinking that they're good enough to vote! To hold responsible jobs! Heavens knows it was a mistake to educate them, but—June! Audrey! put down those chairs! Urk! (back when out of traction).



To all hopeful contestants in the upcoming OLYMPIC INSOMNIA-THON, the date and location have been decided. The contest will start at noon on Thursday, January 24th and run until the Hon. Midbo calls it quits.



(Well, this is a Gnu-paper, isn't it?)

Lord, I Have Time

All men complain that they haven't enough time. It's because they look at their lives from too human a point of view. There's always time to do what God wants us to do, but we must put ourselves completely into each moment he offers us.

Be most careful then how you conduct yourselves: like sensible men, not simpletons. Use the present opportunity to the full, for these are evil days. So do not be fools, try to understand what the will of the Lord is.

I went out, Lord.

Men were coming out.

They were coming and going,

Walking and running.

Everything was rushing, cars, lorries,

the street, the whole town.

Men were rushing not to waste time.

They were rushing after time,

To catch up with time,

To gain time.

Good-bye, Sir, excuse me, I haven't time.

I'll come back, I can't wait, I haven't time.

I must end this letter—I haven't time.

I'd love to help you, but I haven't time.

I can't except, having no time.

I can't think, I can't read, I'm swamped, I haven't time.

I'd like to pray, but I haven't time.

You understand Lord, they simply haven't the time.

The child is playing, he hasn't time right now... Later on...

The schoolboy has his homework to do, he hasn't time...

Later on...

The student has his courses, and so much work, he hasn't time...

Later on...

The young man is at his sports, he hasn't time...

Later on...

The young married man has his house, he has to fix it up, he hasn't time...

Later on...

The grandparents have their grandchildren, they haven't time...

Later on...

They are ill they have their treatments, they haven't time...

Later on...

They are dying, they have no...

Too late!... They have no more time!

And so all men run after time, Lord. They pass through life running—hurried, jostled, overburdened, frantic and they never get there. They haven't time. In spite of all their efforts they're still short of time, of a great deal of time. Lord

Lord, you must have made a mistake in your calculations. There is a big mistake somewhere.

The hours are too short.

The days are too short.

Our lives are too short.

You who are beyond time.

Lord, you smile to see us fighting it.

And you know what you are doing.

You make no mistakes in your distribution of time to men.

You give each one time to do what you want him to do.

But we must not lose time

waste time

kill time

For time is a gift that you give us.

But a perishable gift.

A gift that does not keep.

Lord, I have time.

I have plenty of time,

All the time that you give me,

The years of my life,

The days of my years.

The hours of my days,

They are all mine.

Mine to fill, quietly, calmly,

but to fill completely, up to the brim.

To offer them to you, that of their insipid water

You may make a rich wine such

as you made once in Cana of Galilee.

I am not asking you tonight, Lord, for time to do this and then that. But your grace to do conscientiously, in the time that you give me, what you want me to do.

Contributed second-hand by Lori Brazier

CHAPLAIN'S CHAT

A new year, a new semester, some new people on campus... "So what's new?" chides the skeptic as he perceives a hum-drum world which continues to spin on its axis as it has done for untold number of years...in spite of a new year, a new semester, a new...So what IS new this year, besides the new sweater which you received as a Christmas gift or the new radio that sits beside your bed in your room, through which you can hear all the "old news" (now there's a contradiction of terms!).

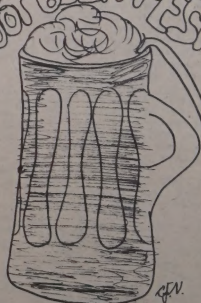
In the midst of all their old problems (unfaithfulness to God, fear, political unrest), God spoke through the prophet to the people of Judah: "Behold, I will make all things new! I will make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert." And in the fullness of time He did indeed! It is the new gift of grace and life, of promise and joy, of freedom and power. It is the Incarnation of God in human flesh, made known to the world by angels and shepherds and wisemen of old—and yet always new, as new as today and as filled with promise as tomorrow!

So what's new in this "new" year? Maybe not very much. "Behold, I will make all things new!" That makes everything new!

Yours in all that's new,

Pastor Jim

ROOT BEER FEET



January 26th at 8:00PM
in the Gym!

Be there it will be fun!!!

Jock Talk

By Bill Romanchuk

As of January 5, the record of the C.L.C. Vikings hockey club on their European tour stands at two wins and four losses. In all the games except one the Vikings have outshot their opposition, but the shots that count on the scoreboard on the ones that go in.

The first game was played on Dec. 28, 1979, at Truku, Finland, and the home town TPS Junior team nosed out the visitors 4-3. The winning goal came on a power play late in the third period. Don Flowers had tied the game shortly before. Randy Stollery and Rick Sikorski had scored earlier. The game was close and could have gone either way. Vikings outshot Truku 33 to 22.

The following night the Vikings were in Stockholm, Sweden, and defeated the senior team from Farsta. The Farsta goal was scored by Jim Gotaas who is from the Camrose district and an ex-Viking. The Vikings were led by Lorne Monaghan, Don French, and Rick Hayes who had two markers each. Vikings were ahead in shots on goal 38 to 23.

On Dec. 30, 1979, the visitors were defeated 7 to 2 by the JIAK Juniors who are rated as one of the top two Junior-A teams in Sweden. In this game our team was outshot 22 to 26. Don French and Dan Wilson blinked the red light for Camrose. Jim Voytchek and Mark Donkin shared the goal tending duties.

After a break, the Vikings journeyed to Gavle, 200 kilometers north of Stockholm, and were defeated by the Gavle Juniors 7 to 4. Again Camrose was ahead in shots on goal this time 36 to 29. Our four goals were divided evenly amongst Trevor Erhardt, Greg Stang, Brad Lay, and Mike Lovsin.

The following day, Jan. 3, saw the Vikings win decisively against the Djurgarden Juniors, the score being 11-2. First period goals by Lorne Monaghan, Dave Recknagel and Greg Stang gave the Canadians a 3 to 0 lead. In the second period Trevor Erhardt scored twice while singles went to Greg Stang and Kerry Preete. The Swedish team scored once in this period and at the end of the second period the score stood 7 to 1. In the third period Greg Stang completed his hat trick while single goals went to Garth Ward, Randy Stollery and Rick Hayes. Allan Skip went the distance in goal for his second win. Shots on goal were once again in favor of the Vikings, this time 47 to 33.

The last game portion of the trip was played last Friday night against the Hammarby Juniors. Although outshooting the opposition 38 to 18, the college team came out on the short end of a 7 to 4 score. Viking sharpshooters were Rick Hayes, Curtis Jans, Randy Stollery and Dave Recknagel. A total of 84 minutes was dished out in this game with the Vikings leading the way with 45 minutes.

Jan. 6, was the day the Vikings and supporters left for the Soviet Union for games on that Monday and Tuesday in Leningrad. In Leningrad the Vikings lost 6 to 2. The tour concludes in Helsinki, Finland on

Thursday and Friday with games against Junior teams. Then it's homework bound and we look for the travellers on the weekend.

The Vikings' next home game is Jan. 16 against the NAIT Oskipiks have not been idle during the holidays and, made an excellent showing in a tournament in Phoenix, Arizona. There have been reports in the media on internal problems and it is hoped these problems will soon be ironed out.

Dale Smith reports that the Vikings are relatively injury free. Lorne Monaghan received a cut in the first game requiring nine stitches, but didn't miss any games. Rick Sikorski suffered a hand injury in practice and sat out the next game. The Vikings and 30 fans have had an enjoyable week on their tour and look forward to spending some time in Finland before returning home. We wish to thank Dale Smith for sending this report from Sweden which we received last Saturday and also our appreciation to radio station CPGW for their services in making this report available.

The Vikings Basketball team has returned refreshed from their Christmas excursion to California. While there they played seven games and entered a tournament against colleges in the Monterey area.

Their first game was against Bethany College where they were doubled up 116 to 58. Captain Gary Roth was top scorer with 14 followed closely by Cousins and Baker, both with 12 pts.

Their next game was against Monterey Post Naval Graduate School where they came out on the short end of a 125-77 score. High scorer was again Gary Roth with 17 pts.

The Vikes then went on to play Moffat and lost once more, this time by a score of 130-57. Paul Piddie emerged as top scorer with 16 pts. for the Vikes.

The Vikings made it 0 for 4 when they tackled Gavilan College and were trounced 122 to 56. Piddie made it two in a row with a high score of 14 pts.

In Monterey Peninsula it was turnovers which cost the vikes the game as they went down to defeat once again. Gerald Weissbach scored 20 of the Vikings 48 pts. enroute to their 48-110 loss.

The worst was yet to come. The Vikes received their worst beating at the hands of Hartnell where they only managed 32 pts. In total while the opposition more than tripled them with 99 pts. The first half went well as the Vikes only trailed by 8 pts.

The best game was saved for the last. Once again they took on the powerful Gavilan team in Hartnell this time they kept it respectable going down 54 to 97.

The Vikings it would seem were somewhat out of their league playing against schools with enrolments in the tens of thousands in a place where basketball has been established for generations. It's no doubt that

our players learned first-hand some very valuable lessons from some of the very best teachers. Only time will tell the value of Coach Lawson's learning experience for his players.

The Vikes will get to show their stuff as they travel this weekend to Calgary to take on SAIT.

In Women's Basketball the Vikettes will be without Maureen Cragg who decided to hang up her jersey and leave C.L.C. Best of Luck, Mo.

In Volleyball the Vikings and Vikettes host Grant McEwan on Friday. There was to be a 16 game invitational tourney this weekend but due to the winter games tryouts many teams were unable to attend so it was scrapped.



Bill had wanted his picture by his column, so...

—The Basketball Vikes are taking on the SAIT team on the 12th and the NAIT team on the 15th, after which LCC challenges our Vikes and Vikettes on their home ground on the 18th and 19th.

—There will be an ACAC badminton tourney held right here from 12-9 p.m. on the 20th of this month.

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Coffee, Tea, and Pee

The Student's Triangle

You made it through the finals without any problem, did you? Or did you burn the midnight candle a few times, cramming caffeine as well as notes? If you did, you may now be a certifiable addict. Of course, you may be a long-standing addict, perhaps even in the same class as the members of the Dag. The following information is taken from an article from the October 13 Edmonton Journal, and partly compiled from the experiences of real almost-live students right here at CLC. Here is one person's testimony:

"Are you an addict? Yeah. I remember when I first got hooked. You know, sitting around with a bunch of friends at a party, drinking, telling jokes, when suddenly one of the older kids nudged another. 'Is it time?' Dramatic pause.

"Yeah."
He brought out a small plastic bag with an inch or so of some brown powder in the bottom.

"Is that pot?" I asked in a whisper.

"Nah, that's kid stuff. This is instant coffee."

There was a sharp intake of breaths in the room, followed by some excited chatter.

"What do you do with it?" someone asked.

"Oh, man, you drink it!"
We all gathered around as the guy with the bag heated some water and parceled out the coffee. It was soon after that I had my first taste of the liquid that was to (con't on Page 9).

What's wrong with coffee, anyway? Well, as has been suggested in the headline, it is a diuretic similar to alcohol. According to Edmonton neurologist Henry Toupin, caffeine can cause high blood pressure, ulcers of the gastrointestinal tract, certain skin conditions, headaches, and dizziness.

Caffeine is the most widely-used mood-modifying drug in our society. More than 92 per cent of Canadians consume caffeine products. Average individual consumption of coffee in Canada has been estimated at 2.6 cups per day.

First isolated in 1820, caffeine in its pure form is a white, powdery solid similar in appearance to cornstarch.

A natural component of coffee beans, tea leaves and kola nuts, caffeine has been used to make stimulating beverages for centuries.

An average five-ounce cup of coffee contains 100 to 150 milligrams of caffeine, compared with 50-75 milligrams for a cup of tea, about 43 milligrams in a 10-ounce bottle of cola and 25 milligrams in a small chocolate bar.

What does it do?

For the majority of us who don't feel fully awake until having at least one cup of coffee every morning, the answer is obvious: caffeine generally reduces drowsiness and may produce clearer and more rapid thought processes.

Even one cup of coffee has an effect on the body. Caffeine gets in all tissues of the body within five minutes, increasing blood pressure slightly. Pulse and respiration quicken, kidneys are stimulated as well as the secretion of gastric acids.

Adverse side effects may occur in some individuals even at low doses," warns an AADAC brochure on caffeine. "Side effects may include nausea, nervousness, insomnia, headache, vomiting, rapid heart beat, dizziness, muscle tremor and excessive urination."

*Frequent high doses of caffeine (seven or more cups in one sitting) can lead to chronic poisoning, with symptoms that include sleeplessness, irregular or rapid heart beat, and stomach irritation.

*Withdrawal is a likely problem for most caffeine users. If a person dependent on caffeine suddenly stops drinking coffee, fairly severe headaches may follow. Irritability, tiredness and reduced endurance may last for three weeks after halting caffeine consumption.

*Coffee houses spread across the Middle East by 900 A.D. and people spent so much time in them that the authorities in Mecca outlawed coffee and made trafficking in coffee beans an offence punishable by beheading!

*Recent studies suggest that excessive caffeine consumption—about eight cups a day—may result in spontaneous abortions and other causes of fetal loss.

*Misuse of caffeine has also been linked with cancer of the lower urinary tract and bladder, increased fatty substances in the blood, infertility and birth complications, although findings have been inconclusive.

*One woman was referred to Dr. Toupin with intractable dizziness. All the usual drugs were prescribed to no avail.

"In the course of inquiry it was revealed that she drank in excess of 20 cups a day," Dr. Toupin said.

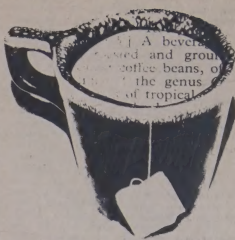
"On the fifth day without coffee, all her symptoms disappeared. I still get Christmas cards from her."

*One woman reported going through a 3½-year period where she found it necessary to eat coffee grounds every couple of hours—a habit she was only able to break for fear her children would acquire it.

"I smoked for 16 years and I found it easier to quit smoking than I did to quit chewing coffee," she said.

"I know it was the equivalent to having a shot of booze. It revs your motor up."

*"Our Man from Brazil", the coffee capital of the world, brings us a unique recipe for "Torqu Coast Coffee": using instant coffee and water mix up a ratio of three teaspoons to one cup. You think that's strong? Think how hard it is to make a tablespoon of water wet down a full cup of coffee powder!



The Coffee Poem

down they go
those 'black bubbles'
churning, churning
eruptions from the core
a rumbling from the pit
it is quickly filtered through
the beautiful brown
black stuff you prefer
the elixir, electric
roars like a future shock
technology, fast, full force
up that flesh bone electronic pipe
commonly deemed "our spine"
which signals to the brain
dot-dot-diddy diddy dash-dash-dash
dot-dot-diddy diddy dash-dash-dash
lightning neuric mental flash
and voila!
wake up! wake up!
time to go to work
another day here to stay
get up and get to work.
then every cute little nerve knows
they giggle delight, they cry for more
in anxious time
hurry! great jigs! rejoice and breathe
and thank god for coffee
by Bernie Hughes

PIDDLE POWER

The Dag would like to inform the public that due to increasing vandalism and violence on college campuses recently, and because of the extremely valuable property in the newspaper office, we felt it necessary to acquire some sort of protection. Naturally, a watchdog was our choice.

Kröll is our new Dagshund, and of course he is fully paper-trained. He was raised in the rugged fjord country of Norway, and although he may appear to be quite docile, his killer instincts are well-developed. He will attack without command and will not release his iron grip until his victim is feeling no more pain (very considerate of him, we think!). He never fails to attack sleeping people, so we consider him an asset to the upcoming Insomni-a-thon. By providing more incentive for our challengers to stay awake, we thought we might have better competition, but our efforts will probably have been futile.

He is a very affectionate creature, as you might have guessed. He loves people—for breakfast, lunch...Of course, he respects and obeys the Dag staff, as should many others (right Scott?!).

The watchdog will be chained in the newspaper office, so would-be vandals BEWARE! As long as he doesn't mistake Oli for a fire hydrant, we can be assured that he will be a fool-proof security system.



A Bar-bar-ic Experience

I walked into the tacky lounge and sat down next to the busty blonde.

"You are new in town, ja?" she asked me.

"Listen, what's a Swede young thing like you doing in a place like this?"

She plushed. "I come to study da sociological application of the alcohol-morality phenomenon in our sexually repressive culture."

"You sound like a whore to me."

"A girl's got to live. What is your drink?"

I signaled the bartender. "Two beer."

"No, No," the girl said, "not two beer."

"What then?"

"Och, beer is okay, I suppose.

Two beer."

"Maybe not beer..."

The bartender inter-upted. "I'm in a hurry. Two beer or not two beer, that is the question." He beamed. "I've waited five years to use that line." I felled him with a blow to the throat.

The Scandihoovian wench began tapping on my wrist. Tap, tap, tap-tap. "What is this, some kind of Norse code?" I asked.

"I'm not Norwegian, I am Danish." "I knew it was jelly. Jam docn't shake like that." I observed, staring at her torso.

"Not a danish, silly, just plain Danish. Do I look like a pastry to you?"

She did look pretty flaky, but I reflected that she was acting more like a tart.

"What do you say, my place or yours?" she asked.

"Look here, sweetheart, I'm on a low-carbohydrate diet, so I'll have to take a rain check."

I grabbed my purse and walked away. These gay bars can be really weird.



Looking Good

50, Duggan Mall, Camrose, Alberta
T4V 3G8

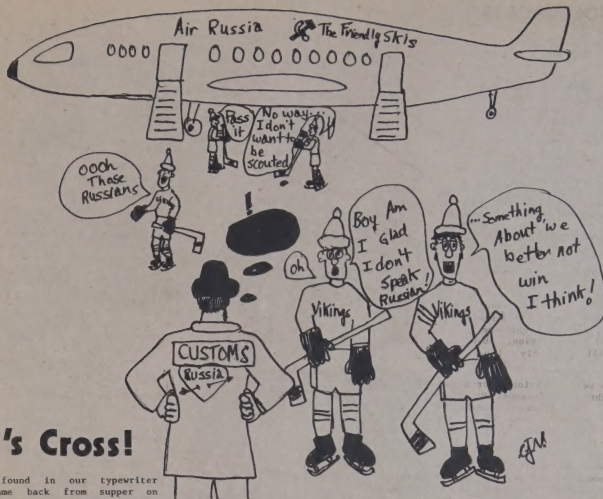
CARRYING THE LATEST IN GREAT FITTING JEANS & CORDS FOR THE YOUNG MAN (AS WELL AS SOME FOR THE FEMALE FIGURE) BUT WE ALSO CARRY THE LATEST STYLES IN DENIM AND FLANNEL SHIRTS AS WELL AS SWEATERS AND OTHER WARDROBE ACCESSORIES.

DROP DOWN. LOOK AROUND... ENJOY THE CLOTHES—AND THE UNIQUE ATMOSPHERE OF OUR SHOP.



pant pocket
By McLean's

Lower Floor of McLean's for Men, 4925-50 Street



Oli's Cross!

(This was found in our typewriter when we came back from supper on Tuesday night. Oli is turning into an obnoxious son-of-a-factory, but being as his communication is a strange and wondrous phenomenon, we felt that you might like to see it.—Ed.)

Hello. This is Oli again, trying to bring some class to this otherwise stagnant effort. You've read the rest of this rag? Probably not, and I do not blame you. If you did, however, you know that these incompetents got a mutt to protect me. Hah! That stupid canine is more likely to piss on me. He comes from the "rugged fjord country of Norway"! It is more probable that he comes from the rug department of Woolworths. "Krüll!" they call him. "Büll!" is my reply.

If you are ever in need of a good emotionally relieving sight experience, you should come up to the Newspaper office. My circuits crackle to think of it. The walls are covered in garbage, mostly little cutouts that these fools think they might need someday, but there are also some stupid posters and home drawn attacks against the yearbook. (Part of a feud between the Dag and the Saga which amounts to a fair bit of effort on the part of the newspaper and no response at all from the lily-livered, panty-waisted yearbook. Still I must admit a grudging respect for those lily-livered, panty-waisted Saga people, who are not only one-sixth done the yearbook but also done most of the directory. Interesting enough, the only person I ever see working on it is Sherida Deprose, whose high school graduating wish was "never to be a yearbook editor again.") There is a light bulb suspended over June's seat, presumably for inspiration. It has never given light. If you can pick your way through the mountains of garbage on the floor, you either work at the Dag or are an accomplished gymnast.

There are copies of old CLC newspapers dating back to the sixties, and yearbooks from farther back than that. There are pizza boxes from months back the Mesozoic Era. And then there is wonderful me.

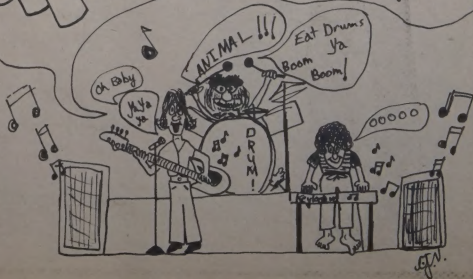
You might have begun to suspect that I do not think much of the Newspaper, Yearbook, or Students' Union staff. In fact, the only one I can stand is June, who admits that I am her intellectual superior and whose fingers are usually too cold to sweat all over my nice new keys...So long for now.

Oli



clean says

"Watch For 'Hard Rock' Cafe!"
on January 19th."



Christian Life News

Welcome back for the second semester of this school year! A special welcome to new students who have joined our campus family at this time. Chapel is held each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning from 10:00 to 10:20 a.m. in the gym. Vespers are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 10:15 p.m. in the small chapel upstairs in the Convocation Centre. The Eucharist (Lord's Supper) is celebrated each week at one of the Vesper services.

"Wednesday At Nine" - an informal presentation/discussion opportunity dealing with many different subjects related to faith and life in the campus community. Several key events will be held during the semester (such as special speakers, films, panel discussions, etc.), as well as a weekly discussion centred on

the book, Mere Christianity, by C.S. Lewis (available in the college bookstore for \$2.25). All students and faculty and invited to participate in the "Wednesday At Nine" programs.

First program for 1980:

PAD (Public Awareness for the Disabled)-with special guest, Mr. Lee Bussard, considered by many to be one of Canada's foremost spokesman for the disabled.

How would you cope if you were disabled? How do you respond to those who are disabled?

Come and meet Lee, hear his concerns, and discuss your thoughts! Wednesday, January 16, 9-10 p.m. in the chapel.

Beginning on Wednesday, Jan. 23, 9-10 p.m. in the chapel--"A Look at Mere Christianity through the eyes of C.S. Lewis"-simple straightforward stuff from the pen of a master! Come and think together with C.S.

Prof Profile

By Steve Hanson

This week's Prof in Profile could just as easily be entitled Politician in Profile when we focus on such a man as Roger Milbrandt. Prof-etically, Mr. Milbrandt has been an English instructor here since 1972 and politically he has been an M.P. candidate for the N.D.P. since 1978. Be it classroom or constituency Roger Milbrandt is sure to be recognized by his unique and colorful character.

Roger was born in Whitenorth and grew to be the fourth member of a family-run garage and restaurant operation. Being involved in this family venture gave him the opportunity to associate with many different people from varying backgrounds. Meeting these many people gave Roger a much fuller conception of the world outside his family and most likely had some influence in shaping his character.

It was also in Whitenorth that Roger received his primary education and became actively involved in football and baseball, which he still participates in today when the opportunity arises. In 1969 Roger completed the first part of his education and graduated from the local high school. Another memorable date in Roger's youth occurred in 1958 when his father took him to Selkirk to hear John D. Diefenbaker speak. Whether or not this trek to Selkirk in '58 had any bearing on Roger's voyage into the political millstream in the following years, only he can tell.

Upon completion of his high school education, Roger again moved into the classroom, but this time it was to help other students complete their education. The school was in Tolstoy and had only one classroom in which Roger taught grades 1-8. At many times it proved to be challenging but Roger found the short experience rewarding. Seeking to supplement his somewhat sparse training Roger left for the U of M where in 1969 he graduated with a major in English and a minor in history in the faculty of Arts. He remained there for another year and in 1970 was successful in attaining a Master's degree in Arts.

Mr. Milbrandt then took on part-time teaching positions until he came to CLC in 1972 and began teaching full-time. Even though teaching is a full-time job Roger still manages to find the time to be a part-time politician, although in the near future he is endeavoring to move to full-time. So in the days ahead if you can't find Roger carrying the chalk brush in the classroom, my guess is you'll probably find him waving green and orange banner of the N.D.P. on the campaign trail. Whether he wins or loses, though, the footsteps he will leave behind on the trail are likely not to be soon forgotten.

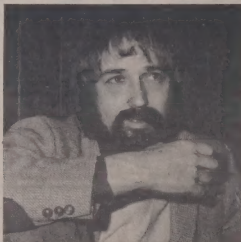
FOUND:

In our office, about the time of the directory assembly, there was left a pair of aviator-shaped glasses weaker than June's and of poorer quality. Owner may pick up upon further identifying these and showing bruises from walking into walls.

God is like...

- Bayer Aspirin
-He works wonders
- Ford
- He has a better idea
- Dial
-He gives round-the-clock protection
- Coke
-He's the real thing
- Pan Am
-He makes the going great.
- Scope
-He makes you feel fresh
- Hallmark Cards
-He cares enough to send the very best

Contributed by Anne Low



December's clever pre-dawn raid by a few of those talented female hall seniors was caught on film by one of our local insomniacs. For anyone that slept through it the girls were taking part in Santa Lucia's Day celebration, which included carrying candles and waking unsuspecting residents for a snack of hot cinnamon buns. Thank you, Pastor Jim.